

The City of Purple Dreams

By EDWIN BAIRD

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

Near the close of the day's session, without exactly knowing why, he went on the "floor" for a few minutes. A man shouted in his ear:

"July's gone to a dollar and a half!"

Without answering, without even looking at the man, he stood watching the monster turmoil. The uproar was deafening.

The old speculator turned away. Very carefully, very slowly, he made his way through the hurly-burly, descended the steps that led to the ground floor, his hand sliding jerkily along the banister. When he entered his broker's office his hair was no more white than his face, and as he sat down and held his hand a moment over his eyes his fingers trembled as one afflicted with palsy. It was the first time in his twenty-odd years of speculating that he had been seen unnerfed. He looked at his broker and shook his head.

"He's done it," he said, with a pitiable pretense of smiling. "He's done it, Howard. He's got us. He's cornered the market."

Authoritative news of the corner went out over the land. The name of Daniel Randolph Fitzhugh loomed gigantic on the financial horizon. He controlled all the wheat. He could exact for it whatever price he wanted. If he chose, he could get fifty dollars a bushel.

He was the King of Wheat. His name became a household word. Scarcely a man, woman, or child in the middle West but prattled of him. The farmers lauded him as a benefactor of humanity. Others condemned him as a thief. Thousands of letters of every description flooded his mail. Leaves of bread dwindled in size. Mutterings reached him. His life was threatened. His wealth multiplied with prodigious leaps. At no time could he tell how much he was worth. He knew it was more than fifteen millions and less than thirty.

Then there came a day when he was to settle with Otis. The defeated gladiator made the appointment for eleven o'clock that morning in Fitzhugh's office.

At five minutes to eleven Fitzhugh was alone awaiting him. He had given orders that none but Otis was to be admitted, and that afterward they were not to be disturbed. As he lolled back in his cushioned chair before the mahogany desk, and gazed round the luxurious room, a reverie came over him. He recalled his first venture in wheat, made with a few thousands won in a poker game; he remembered the time he had worked for Quigg for four hundred dollars a month. And then, his memory slipping his control and leaping back further still, he thought of the time when—No! Had he been a dishwasher? Had he slaved in the scullery of a filthy kitchen for a miserable weekly pittance?

The door opened. Symington Otis entered.

In these days of his monarchy Fitzhugh saw many sorts of characters exposed raw and naked to his gaze. He saw men come cringing to him, begging and pleading. He saw others enter, blustering and trying to outface him. Otis behaved in neither manner. He walked in quietly, and, closing the door, remained standing, with no greeting whatsoever. He looked ten years older than his actual age. Fitzhugh returned to his chair. The silence had lasted fully half a minute before he spoke.

"It has been agreed, Mr. Otis, that I shall deal with you as I see fit."

Otis nodded. He did not speak.

"My rule has been to give no quarter and ask none. I see no reason why your case should mark an exception. I see every reason why it should not. For eight years or more your hand has been against me. You have opposed my ventures, obstructed my path, hindered me in every way."

"I came here," interjected Otis coldly, "to talk business; not to discuss our personal affairs."

"And we are going to discuss those affairs. Mr. Otis"—Fitzhugh rose, and, with his hands resting on the desk in front of him, leaned toward his visitor, who now stood opposite—"I will let you out of my corner on only one condition."

"Which is?"

"That you tell your daughter—"

"You need not go further! I will consider nothing that involves my family."

"Then you refuse to deny to her—"

"Absolutely!"

"—the preposterous falsehood you repeated?"

"I repeated no falsehood. It was the truth."

"It was a lie! The woman is dead now, and I shall say nothing against her. But you, and you only, can undo the wrong she did me."

"Mr. Fitzhugh, I must ask you to come at once to business."

"For the final time, will you tell her—"

"No! Absolutely, no!"

"Then you will take the alternative."

Fitzhugh turned and pressed one of the pearl buttons on his desk. His expression was one many Chicagoans had seen to their sorrow since last July; the facial muscles tense, the stern jaw thrust forward, his eyes hard as agate.

A young man entered. Fitzhugh nodded to him, and he departed, returning presently with a small, round-top table, which he placed near the desk. In the center of the table was a plush box not unlike a jeweler's ring-case. Otis looked on as a child who fears the dark. He had not even a remote idea of what the box contained, nor could he imagine what the table portended, yet he felt, nevertheless, that some sinister torture was impending.

"You are short to us," said Daniel, after locking the door upon his employee, "seven million bushels of wheat ranging in price from ninety-six cents to a dollar and ten. I am going to settle our transaction in less than one second."

He crossed to the table, picked up the little box, pressed a spring in the side; the lid flew open, and he extracted a new gold engine, which he held up between thumb and forefinger. "This will settle it. A fitting emblem, Mr. Otis. Gold! What a sermon you and I might preach upon it!"

"Tried beyond all patience, Otis cried out: "Come to the point! What's your object?"

Fitzhugh laughed. It was the same mirthless laugh that had once reminded Hunt of a wolf baring its fangs. He poised the coin. "Heads or tails, which do you want? If I win, your wheat will cost you two and a quarter a bushel—"

"Two—merciful God! man, that price will ruin me!"

"Of course it will." Fitzhugh replaced the eagle in the box, breathing audibly a sigh of relief. "Now then, I think we understand each other. If you will only go to her—"

"I won't consider that!"

"You know the alternative."

"It makes no difference. I will not consider it!"

"Very well"—poising the coin as before. "Heads or tails?"

"Stop this asinine playing!"

"Should you win you will have just enough to live on modestly."

"The idiocy of such a thing!"

Fitzhugh again gave his discomfiting laugh. "I don't agree with you. All our mighty warring, proclaimed broadcast in every country of the world, has been nothing more than a game of heads-and-tails. You bet wheat would fall. I bet it would rise."

"But You, and You Only, Can Undo the Wrong She Did Me."

I won. The toss of a gold coin will add an artistic climax. Wait!" as Otis made an attempt to interrupt. "I'm not through. If you will do as I ask, you will not lose a cent. You will get your wheat—"

"I will not do it!"

"Once and for all, will you save yourself?"

"In the way you ask—never!"

"Then, you will take the consequences!" Daniel seized the gold piece. "We'll toss for it; and if I win you will go bankrupt."

Otis, who had remained standing throughout the conversation, groped behind him for a chair, staring aghast at his opponent.

There could be no doubting his seriousness. There was not a trace of merriment in his hard face. Nor a vestige of compassion.

"Then you do mean it?"

"Every word of it!"

The groping hand struck a chair. Otis sat down, clutching tremblingly at the arm, moistening his lips.

"Talks," he whispered, but so indistinctly he was asked to repeat the word.

"Heads," he said, more firmly.

Fitzhugh spun the coin into the air. It fell upon the polished table with a little ring. The older man's face grew suddenly ghastly, and the two heavy frowns extending from his nose to the corners of his mouth deepened. He was on the verge of a collapse.

"What is it? Quick!"

Fitzhugh bent and looked at the gold eagle.

"Heads," he said.



CHAPTER XIV.

Daniel's career in La Salle street closed with his corner in wheat. Terminating the ocean of details, he sailed forthwith for Paris.

"For a long holiday," he told his

friends. But it was really for quite another purpose.

Hunt, who swore by the man and potentially believed him the greatest he had ever known, settled his speculative deals and went with him.

One evening in the Cafe Martin they met Artie Sparkie. Artie had long since become an expatriate, due, according to gossip, to unrequited affection and hope too often deferred. He was with a brilliantly gowned woman of the French boulevard type, who wore just a little too much rouge, just a few too many diamonds, and a gaiety of manner just a trifle too effervescent.

Artie's animosity toward his former rival had very obviously been buried, or forgotten, for he pounced joyfully, upon the two Americans, and with gusto and eclat presented them to her of the gorgeous plumage—his wife of the month.

Then more wine was ordered to toast the bride, and Artie extolled ecstatically the bliss of conjugal life, touching in particular upon his own, which to him, of course, was unparalleled and paramount. Gradually the talk turned upon other topics, with the benedict easily leading.

"I read all about it in Lunnon, dear fellow." This to Daniel. "Frightfully clever of you, I must say, getting all that grain and freezing out the othah chaps. . . . And poor old Otis; I saw him in Carlsbad last week. He looks dreadfully done for. I feeb the poor fellow won't last long."

Always the mention of Otis' name spelled bad moments for Daniel. Since that Indian summer day when millions had hung upon the toss of a coin the aged speculator, as Daniel knew, had been a bowed-down man. He never visited the pit again. He never went near it. The memory of its roaring sent a shudder through him. He was care-worn, listless, comfortless. He had lost his "nerve." Grain gambling topics were taboo in his household, and those who valued his good will found it politic not to broach such in his hearing. When in October he had left for the German "bad" cures he was broken in health as well as in spirit.

His quest was fruitless.

One May morning in Florence Daniel read at his breakfast table of Otis' death. He had died in mid-ocean en route to New York.

He put down his newspaper, beckoned the waiter, ordered some cablegram forms. Leaving his breakfast untouched, and Hunt's questions unanswered, he wrote a lengthy message to a Chicago trust company that specialized in mortgages. He fretted with impatience until he received an answer; and then, having read it, he tore it up and sighed hopelessly.

Daniel heard afterward that Otis had left nothing beyond his life insurance. The house on the drive had gone, and with it all the pomp of circumstances. Mrs. Otis was residing temporarily in Oconomowoc, Kathleen was with her.

Early in June of that year two wealthy Americans, who had made their "pies" in July wheat, booked first-class transportation from Rome to Chicago. When they boarded the liner at Naples there embarked with them a quarter of a million dollars' worth of European art treasures. When they left the liner at New York the same of the tall, distinguished-looking one, of the black Vandylke beard and white ducks, was not Daniel Randolph Fitzhugh. It was his own, Hugh Daniel Fitzrandolph.

This name juggling had heralded their coming, and they were surrounded at the pier by a phalanx of sharp-eyed men armed with cameras.

Daniel greeted them warmly, shook hands, gave them cigars, and waxed so jovially humorous about his malleable patronymic that he was voted a shining member of the Good Fellows' club and lauded as a thoroughgoing, fine sort. Nothing derogatory was printed of him in the New York newspapers; and the eccentricity of one's using one's family name for a "knomical kut-out" was made to appear a very natural thing for one to do.

His arrival in Chicago received a similar reception.

The thing he had long been planning, the thing that had prompted his trip abroad, which had necessitated the proper rearranging of his name, was made public. With a faufare of trumpets, a sounding of cymbals, a beating of tom-toms, Hugh Daniel Fitzrandolph inaugurated his campaign for the Chicago mayoralty.

In the primary election these were nominated: Hugh Daniel Fitzrandolph, advocating pure politics; Sam Buffington, fat and puffy and a tool of the trusts; John Dinwoody, lean and lank and a patron of vice, and Ivan Skinkus, skinny and erratic and a champion of the working man.

Before the primaries, Daniel's chief rivals, Buffington and Dinwoody, took scant notice of him, shelving him in a category with Skinkus, the Socialist, who had no chance whatever. After his nomination they changed their views. They suddenly realized many things; realized he had been working hours to their minutes; that his enormous volume of advertising was not unproductive of results; that he had a happy faculty of making friends wherever he went; that his popularity was booming daily; and that he controlled nearly as many votes as they.

This would never do, decided Buffington and Dinwoody. They immediately set about to crush the intruder who presumed to enter a domain always exclusively their own. Thus, when the papers supporting the malcontents were not casting their harpoons at each other, they took time to shy a concerted volley at the interloper.

The American Legion

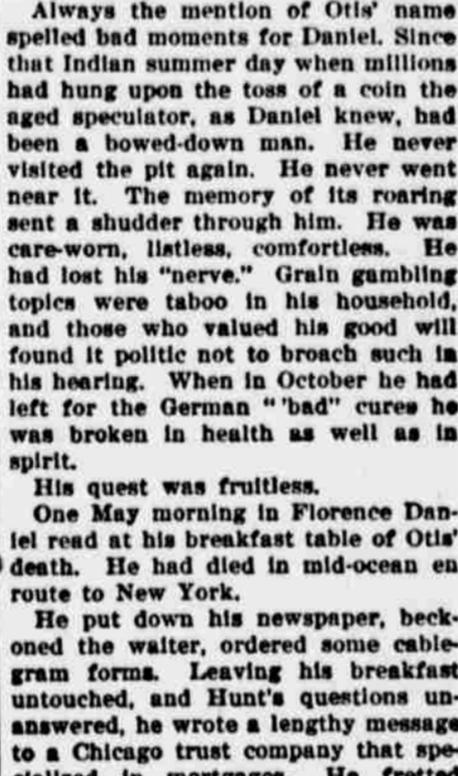
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SAYS READOPT WAR ORPHANS

Editor Harold Ross of American Legion Weekly Urges Care by Posts of Unfortunates.

Harold W. Ross, formerly managing editor of the Stars and Stripes, which was the official publication of the American expeditionary forces in France during the war, has been appointed editor of the American Legion Weekly, official magazine of the American Legion.

Mr. Ross, a native of Colorado, entered the newspaper field more than ten years ago and worked on various papers in Salt Lake City, San Francisco, New Orleans, Atlanta, New York and Panama, but chiefly in San Francisco and the West. He enlisted as a private in April, 1917, and sailed for France August 1. He was sent to the



first officers' training camp at Langres, France, but was detached before receiving a commission and assigned to duty on the Stars and Stripes when that publication was started in February, 1918, and remained with it, most of the time as managing editor, until its career came to an end with the home-coming of the A. E. F. He received a citation from General Pershing and recently received a medal from the French government for originating the plan which led to the adoption of 3,567 war orphans by American soldiers overseas.

As editor of the Weekly Mr. Ross is now conducting an active campaign for the re-adoption of these same orphans by the more than 9,000 American Legion posts throughout the United States and in many foreign countries.

HE ADOPTS FRENCH ORPHAN

Le Roy Tucker, Former Captain, Aids Legion's Campaign in Memory of His Father.

Another contribution of \$75 for the adoption of a French war orphan, in the Legion's campaign to aid 3,000 late proteges of the A. E. F., making a total of four to date, was received at Legion national headquarters during the week ending May 23. The adopter is Le Roy Tucker, former captain, Twenty-fifth Engineer Service company, Twentieth Engineers, now living at 1501 West Sixth street, Topeka, Kan.

"In memory of my father, James Walter Tucker of the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Indiana infantry of the Civil war," the captain writes, "I want to adopt a French orphan on this Memorial day.

"As I spent most of my time in France in the Vosges mountains, doing forestry duty, I would like a little girl from the department of the Vosges, if possible. And if you have any way of knowing, select a little girl with brown eyes and hair.

"P. S.—If the young lady will write in French, I will improve my knowledge of French a bit, and if she cares to receive letters in English, I will be glad to write."

Mr. Tucker's request was forwarded with his contribution, to the American Red Cross.

National headquarters of the American Legion has adopted two of the orphans and another has been taken under the paternal wing of Karl Ross post, Stockton, Cal.

HOME FOR SONS OF SERVICE MEN.

The national adjutant has received advice of the founding at Bennington, Vt., of a home for the care, maintenance, education and scientific instruction in agriculture and horticulture of the minor sons of soldiers or sailors who have served in the army or navy of the United States of America, or in the army or navy of any of its European allies; and thereafter for the like care, maintenance, education and scientific instruction of the lineal male descendants of such sons. It is "The Green Mountain Home, Inc."

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CONGRESS RESPONDS TO CALL

Legion is Successful in Obtaining Passage of Two Measures Important to Maimed Heroes.

Appropriations of \$46,000,000 for hospitalization of disabled discharged ex-service persons and \$120,000,000 for vocational training for maimed heroes of the world war have been obtained from congress to date through the efforts of the American Legion, according to a report recently received at Legion national headquarters from Thomas W. Miller, chairman of the organization's national legislative committee in Washington.

"The sundry civil bill," the report reads, "carried an appropriation of \$90,000,000 to be expended by the federal board for vocational education, and it is the belief of this committee that the board will be able, in the near future, to render more efficient diversified service to all of our disabled comrades."

The committee previously had obtained from congress a \$30,000,000 appropriation, which, together with the Legion's co-operative plan for rounding up eligibles and for assisting the federal board in placing them in training, had gone far toward remedying conditions which induced the Legion to institute a congressional investigation resulting in sweeping reforms.

The report is a summary of recent activities of the committee in its efforts to carry out the Legion's program of beneficial legislation as outlined at the Mianapolis convention last year. Among others, it cites the following provisions embodied in various measures recently adopted:

All disabled personnel still in hospitals may continue to travel on furlough at a one-cent rate per mile.

All men now in receipt of hospitalization from the United States public health service will be entitled to purchase quartermaster supplies from the government at cost.

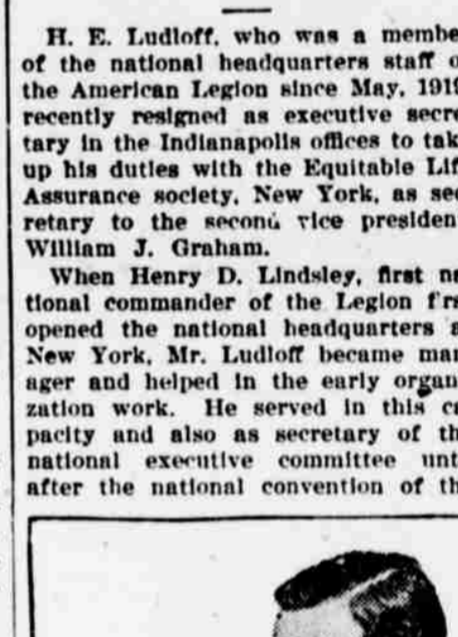
The compensation originally allowed vocational board students was \$30 a month. The Legion induced congress to increase this to \$80 a month, and the recent passage of the Darrow bill fixes their allowance at \$100 a month during the period of training, with additional allowances for married men.

LUDLOFF ASSUMES NEW TASK

Resigns as Executive Secretary in Headquarters Office to Take Up Work in New York.

H. E. Ludloff, who was a member of the national headquarters staff of the American Legion since May, 1919, recently resigned as executive secretary in the Indianapolis offices to take up his duties with the Equitable Life Assurance society, New York, as secretary to the second vice president, William J. Graham.

When Henry D. Lindsley, first national commander of the Legion first opened the national headquarters at New York, Mr. Ludloff became manager and helped in the early organization work. He served in this capacity and also as secretary of the national executive committee until after the national convention of the



LOOKING BACKWARD

By WILLIAM R. SHIELDS

I love to think of days in camp, when early in the morn
I faintly heard—and deeply cursed—the bugler's raucous horn;
I sit and dream of training days when I would hike and drill,
And learn a thousand fancy ways the subtle boche to kill;
And often from the field I'd trudge with sweat upon my brow;
I love to lie in bed and think, I needn't do it now.

I love to think of days—and nights—when in the snow and rain
I stood on guard and froze my feet and almost went insane;
I love to think of slushy days when on my sturdy back
I'd tote through France's sticky mud a hefty army pack;
And oft at night I'd hunt a berth in some chilly room;
I love to lie in bed and think, I needn't do it now.

Oh, well, "the moving finger writes, and, having writ, moves on;"
These days (alas!) will ne'er return—they are forever gone;
The time has passed when I was wont to stick the husky Hun;
I'm just a drab civilian, bo—I miss the old-time fun;
But still I don't feel very blue: I kiss my loving frau,
And lie in bed, and thank my stars I'm not a soldier now.

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"Being exposed to extreme heat when working as an engineer, and then going outdoors to cool off, caused my kidney trouble," says Karl Goering, 5513 N. Orkney St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"In cold weather and when it was damp, my joints and muscles would swell and ache, and often my limbs were so badly affected it was only with great misery I was able to get around. For a week was laid up in bed, hardly able to move hand or foot."

"Another trouble was from irregular and scanty passages of the kidney secretions. I became dull and weak and had to give up my work. Headaches and dizzy spells nearly blinded me, and I went from 265 to 200 in weight. Nothing helped me and I felt I was doomed to suffer."

"At last I had the good fortune to hear of Doan's Kidney Pills and began taking them. I soon got back my strength and weight and all the rheumatic pains and other kidney troubles left. I have remained cured."

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